as residing outside of the county

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

\$1.50 and postage per year in advance.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1896.

NUMBER 35.

l column, f menths... l column, l year..... Business items, first invertion, 10c. per line ubsequent invertions, 5c. per line Administrator's and Executor's Notices. 2.50 Auditor's Notices. 2.50 Stray and similar Notices. 2.50 Resolutions or proceedings of any corpora-Resolutions or proceedings of any corpora-tion or society and communications designed to call attention to any matter of limited or indi-vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments. Book and Job Printing of all kinds neatly and exediously executed at the lowest prices. And don'tyou forget it.

Advert sing Rates.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

The Indestructible "Maywood" BICYCLE. THIS \$75.00 COM-PLETE BICYCLE Most Reliable, **\$35** STRONGEST WITH COUPON. Wheel on Earth. FRAME Guaranteed MAYWOOD

e 'Maywood' is the strongest and simplest bicycle ever made. Adapted for all kinds of and riders. Made of material that is solid, tough and udry; simple in construction, waken apart and put together; has few parts; is of such wiry construction that its parts held together even in an accident; no hollow tubing to crush in at every contact; a frame cannot be broken; so simple that its adjusting parts serve as its connecting parts; a one-crank in place of a dozen parts; always ready to give reliable and rapid transportation. of a dozen parts; always ready to give reliable and rapid transportation, wed double diamond, guaranteed for three years. Made of %-inch cold we Improved double diamond, guaranteed for three years. Made of %-inch cold test rods (touchest and strongest metal for its weight known); joined together with me bronze fittings in such a manner that it is impossible to break or any part work marvel of novelty, simplicity and durability; the greatest combination of ingenuity demechanism known, to build a frame without brazer joints and tubing, as you know mes continually break and fracture at brazer joints, and tubing, as you know mes continually break and fracture at brazer joints, and tubing as you know which Quick Rejair, or some other first-chas pneumatic tire. BEARINGS—Balls to every part, including wheels, crapk axie, steering head and pedals. CUPS AND - Best quality tool stee', carefully tempered and bardened. CHAINS—High grade of centers, rear adjustment. CRANKS—Our celebrated one-piece crank, fully propagatests no cotter plus. REACH—Shortest, 28 Inches 'ongest, 37 Inches. GEAR—FRONT FORK—Indestructible; fork crown made from gun-barrel steel. HANDLE Receible and adjustable; easily adjusted to any position desired; ram's horn furfordered. SADDLE—P. & F., Gilliam, or some other first-class make. PEDALS—p or rubber; full ball bearing. FINISH—Enameled in black with all bright parts blaid Each Bicycle complete with tool bag, pump, wrench and oiler. Weight, ac-Each Bicycle complete with tool bag, pump, wrench and oiler. Weight, a specials, saddles, etc., 27 to 30 pounds.

510 is our Special Wholesale Price. Never before sold is our special Wholesair Fried Arver before soid a. To quickly introduce the "M sywood" Bicycle, we tecided to make a special coupon offer, giving every are decided to make a special coupon one; giving every aider of this paper a chance to get a first-class wheel at the west price ever offered. On receipt of \$35.00 door compone will ship to anyone the above Bicvele, securely crated, digurantee safe delivery. Money refunded if not as presented after arrival and examination. We will ship to D, with privilege of examination, for \$36.00 and components. ed \$5.00 is sent with order as a guarantee of good faith written binding warranty with each Bicycle. This is since of a lifetime and you cannot afford to let the oppor

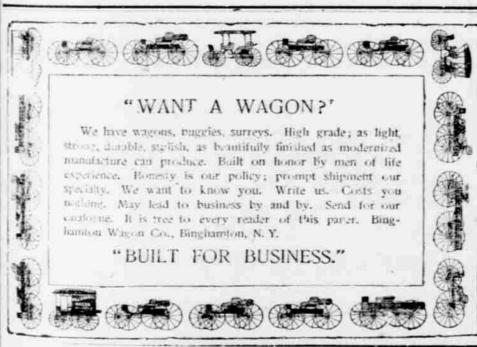
CASH BUYERS' UNION. 102 West Van Buren Street, Bx 2006 CHICAGO, H.L. +++++++++++++++

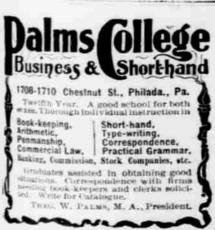
**************** Coupon No. 2006 GOOD FOR \$5.00 No. 5 Maywood ...Bicycle...

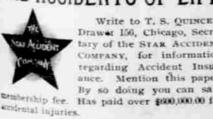
ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.



Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.







Be your own Agent.

FDA7ED AXLE MALEN GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD, Is yearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually quiasting two hoxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat, as GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

WANTED AGENTS

hat is why beginners always succeed with a and experienced Agents double their less and income. Now is the time to start ELLWANGER & BARRY,



JOB PRINTING

TRY THE FREEMAN.





Best in the World! GREAS

Wanted-An Idea who can think of some simple of some property of the control of th Protect your ideas: they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,50 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

ONLY.

Only an envelope stamped and sealed, As a thousand envelopes are, That the busy mail clerks daily wield And brand with the government scar.

And little the weary postman guessed. As he handed it in through the door, What slumbering thoughts would be waked

in my breast By the missive he lightly bore. And yet it is so, and the old thoughts rise As they oft' have-so often before-

And pour from my bosom a torrent of sighs As I scan the envelope o'er. For ah, 'twas a delicate girlish hand

That fashioned this dainty address, And often my eyes have tenderly scanned The marks of her pen's caress.

And well may my warm sighs drench the air, For do I not know that she-She who is gentle and young and fair-

Has been thinking and dreaming of me. And it matters not-but I'll mention Though some might have kept it still-That the maid is my laundryman's young

A SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTION

And the missive an unpaid bill.

BY ALFRED O. ELDEN.

-Chicago News.

No; I do not think we intended to run away! It certainly was not premeditated, but merely a chain of uncontrollalkle circumstances, at least, for two boys of our age. However, you shall judge for yourself.

I was 13, and my brother 15 years of age. Walter's tastes were decidedly different from mine. He was very quiet by nature, caring but little for outdoor sports and games dear to the heart of most boys. He was a born scholar and bookworm. A volume of Dickens and a comfortable chair were, to him, far more alluring than the hottest game of baseball that ever gladdened the heart and distorted the fingers of Young

For myself, I was-well, just an ordinary boy with, perhaps, more than the average amount of youthful schemes. The advent of a circus in our little town fully convinced me that nature had intended me for a trapeze performer, consequently my dear mother, always my confidante and sympathizer, had no peace of mind until a costume of many and wonderful colors was designed and completed. She had a natural talent for realizing the wants of a boy. No matter what manner of garb was desired, she was always equal to the emergency, and many and startling were the garments evolved from her resourceful brain, to meet the numerous demands of my youthful fancies.

My acrobatic ambitions were brought to an abrupt termination by the trapeze bar breaking while I was in the middle of a wild gyration. I dropped very suddenly, and also very forcibly, landing on top of my head on the hard floor, and giving me the impression that my cranium must be driven in, entirely out of sight betweeen my shoulders. I think it was nearly four weeks before I could turn my neck without turning my

It was about a month after this episode, and the family cat had fully recovered from the fit into which she had been scared when I struck, that I became interested in pedestrianism. A cousin from Boston came down for a two weeks' caeation from his studies, and an epportunity to fill his lungs with pure country air. He was a big, strong fellow, a freshman in Harvard, and enthusiastic over all athletic sports, so when I observed that every morning, rain or shine, he invariably was out for a two or three-mile constitutional, just as an appetizer for his breakfast, he said, it fired the spark of my somewhat abated athletic ambitions into fierce flame again. If imitation is sincerest flattery, my big cousin ought certainly to have felt greatly flattered, for now every morning found me pacing off miles, and adding to my fund of already

vigorous health I had been endeavoring for a week or more to enthuse some of the benefits to be derived from this morning spin into my brother; and at last, by my persistent efforts, one evening I aroused his interest enough to exact from him a promise to accompany me on the following morning, and if it proved agreeable, perhaps on every morning. It did not prove agreeable, as you will ob-

He showed up, faithful to his promise, bright and early, but absolutely refused to start without his breakfast. There was nothing to do but wait for it. and it proved fortunate that we did so, At last, about half-past seven, we got under way, after casually mentioning to our parents that we were going

A pleasant course, and one which we quickly agreed upon, was over what vas known as the old hen-scratcher road. Two miles along this route would bring us to Cedar bridge, where the road crossed a small stream. Here we planned to stop and rest a short while, then return, making a nice four-mile jaunt. Had these original plans been carried out, all would have been well. but alas! who ever heard of two boys

of our age doing things properly? We reached Cedar bridge in good marching order, but instead of returning as planned, we decided to keep on a short distance further, or far enough to enable us to say we had walked five miles. Then some evil genius prompted my brother to suggest walking to East pond, a favorite resort fully six miles

beyond us. I always thought that he planned on iving me all the walking I wanted, reying on the strength of his maturer age to carry him through. He failed to take into consideration, however, that I was in active training. Two weeks practice had given me a good wind and hardened up my muscles, so that I was in really excellent form. Our only fears were that we might be a little late for dinner, and that our parents might

WOFTY. But taking out a pencil and paper. Walter figured out to our entire satisfaction that two boys, having traveled three miles in 45 minutes, should cover six miles more in at least two hours. As it was then but 8:30, he showed me by "scientific deduction" (he was always great at things like that) that we

should have no difficulty whatever in reaching the pond by 10:30. Strangely enough, we did not stop to consider the possibility of our growing tired, and not being able to keep up the

brisk pace we had cut out for the first few miles, and in the cool of the morn-

But as the sun rose higher, and commenced to beat down on the dry, dusty road, we saw that we were in for a scorcher. The heat was something awful. Our brisk walk had long since changed to a dogged shamble, and rests became frequent and of longer duration. We were also falling far short of the schedule time, as computed by Walter's "scientific deduction," and we saw very plainly that we were in a

Neither would turn back, however, although I think if either had proposed giving it up, the other would only too gladly have acceded to the proposition. It was a case of "one's afraid, and the other dassent," both of us hesitating to be the first one to cry baby, so we went on. Mypoor brother was limping painfully, unaccustomed to such exertion, and exhausted by the heat of the July day. I would have been in fairly good condition, had I not chosen this par ticular day to "break in" a pair of base

ball shoes. You all remember how the boys used to wear those delusions of canvas and leather, and also a habit they had of slipping up and down at the heel, owing to a peculiarity of construction. This pair of mine was no exception to the general run and had slipped and rubbed until two beautiful blisters rewarded their efforts, making it simply torture for me to walk.

At last I took them off, and walked in my stocking feer until there were no feet left to walk in, then it became my own feet. How I wished and longed for the calloused pedal extremities of the bare-footed urchins I had often ridiculed. I will not dwell on the pain ful subject. It brings a too vivid recollection of the suffering, even at this Everything must come to an end

however, and when finally we could see the clear water of the pond glistening through the trees ahead. I think ! could have reconciled myself to my affliction, had it not been for a premonition of distracted parents searching for lost

boys. The gentleman who kept the hotel at the pond acted the part of ministering angel when we presented our case to him. It being past three o'clock, you can imagine that we had developed quite a healthy appetite, but an account of stock, quickly taken. showed our joint assets to be just seven cents, not very encouraging surely for two half-starved boys, but our sympathetic landlord stood by us nobly, when we informed him who we were, for he knew our father, and what a dinner he set out for us! If my bare and swollen feet cause.

some little amusement among the guests, it did not detract from my appetite, and Walter was certainly not to tired to eat. We felt much better after our dinner, and would have started immediately on the return tramp, but our landlord would not hear of it until we had rested. He let us take one of his rowboats, and, pulling around to a little cove, we had a refreshing swim. We were both feeling pretty nervous over the sequel, however, and decided post ponement could not lessen the evil, and would only make matters worse. S returning the boat, and thanking our kind-hearted host again, and promising to send him the money for our dinners we struck out on that weary homeward march.

How we ever got there I do not know My blistered feet were evidently in a state of temporary insensibility, a they gave me very little pain, but I felt there must be a sweet hereafter in storfor them on the morrow. Walter was pretty nearly gone, and stops were necessarily called every few mniutes. It was now dark, and our state of

mind was far from enviable. The old town clock was just striking ten when our front gate opened and two dust and travel-stained pedestrians dragged themselves wearily up over the front steps and walked in upon a circle of woe-begone mourners.

In a second we were hugged and kissed by about ten different women who had come in to comfort our nearly crazed mother, who, as mothers wil! imagined every conceivable manner of misfortune, and she fully expected to see our lifeless bodies brought in at any moment.

Father had secured two teams, and, with another gentleman, had been scouring the country since four o'clock that afternoon, and now half the villagwere making preparations for a thorough search, when in we walked. They were so glad to see us again alive and well that father did not have the heart to punish us, thinking, no doubt, a he glanced at Walter asleep in his chair, and then at my bare feet, that we were already punished enough.

I believe the next day he did forbid us to leave our yard for a week, but this was a very mild sentence, as neither of us was in a condition to do much walking for that length of time.-Golden

Jamaica Folk Lore Sayings. Ebery day bucket go da well, one day

bottom drop out. What cost notin git good weight. Patient man drive jackass.

One time fool no fool, two time foo him da fool. When towel turn tablecloth, dere's no bearin' wid it. (Directed against codfish aristocracy.)

Me dead hog a' ready, me no min hot water. When cow tail cut off, God Almighty brush fly fi him. (Apparently another way of saying: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.") Spit in de sky it fall in your face. (A

maxim of prudence.) Big blanket mek men sleep late. Too much sit down broke trousers. Shut mout', no eatch fly. (A plea for silence.)-Journal of American Folk Lore.

Bird and Balloon. If by any means a bird attained the lightness of a balloon it could not fly. A halloon drifts with every gust; steering is impossible, the wind chooses its course. The bird-balloon, as light as the wind and as strong as iron, is a figment of the imagination.

Elephant's Sense of Smell. Sense of smell in an elephant is so delicate that when in a wild state it can scent an enemy at a distance of 1,000 vards.

MEXICO'S BOUNDARY.

The Mexicans Claim the United States is Trespassing.

Heavy Damages Are Claimed Therefor - The Circumstances Upon Which the Claim Is

Along no inconsiderable portion of its course the Rio Grande constitutes the international boundary between the United States and Mexico. Until within a few years the Rio Grande served the purposes of a boundary line very creditably and satisfactorily, but recently the settlers in Colorado and New Mexico (away up stream) have taken so much water out of the river for the purposes of irrigation that the old boundary line becomes obliterated during the dry season, and this has made so much trouble for the Mexicans that their government claims of the United States \$22,000,000 damages.

The circumstances upon which they base this heavy claim for damages may be briefly summed up as follows: From the neighborhood of El Paso, extending about 90 miles down the river. there is a valley about 15 miles wide and since the river has got into the habit of going dry every summer it has cut many different and widely diverging channels with the advent of flood water. In this way the international boundary has been practically obliterated as far as this valley, 15 miles wide and 90 miles long, is concerded. This has led to endless complications as to national jurisdiction, and finally to a condition of utter lawlessness. In addition to this, the Mexicans claim that for some 200 years they have been cultivating the lands of this valley on their side of the boundary which were made very fertile and productive by irrigetion from the waters of the Rio Grande, but since the river has been systematically and continuously robbed of its waters by the American settlers of Colorado and New Mexico just at the season when the water was needed for irrigation, this valley below El Paso has become a sterile desert, absolutely worthless for agricultural purposes. They claim that the Mexicans have a prior claim to the water of the Rio Grande, as they were using it for purposes of irrigation 200 years ago, but now they have been robbed not only of the water but of the international boundary line, and, indirectly, of law and order in the valley referred to.

In view of all this they set up a claim for \$22,000,000 damages, but they also propose the terms of a compromise. The proposal is that the United States should build what has lately figured in the news of the day as the "international dam." This dam will (if built) be located about two and one-half miles above El Paso, where the heights which inclose the canyon-like valley of the Rio Grande just above El Paso converge so nearly that a dam 600 feet long will connect them. This dam, to serve the purpose for which it has been designed, should be 600 feet long and about 70 feet high, and will, when completed. cost about \$1,000,000. Such a dam will it is estimated, create an immense reservoir 15 miles long by four miles wide, or about four times as large as any artificial reservoir now in the existence. This will hold all the surplus water of the Rio Grande at flood time, and this accumulation will not only be ample for irrigation of the arid lands in the valley below it on both sides of the boundary, but furnish a supply of water sufficient to hold the channel of the river by a moderate but continuous flow all through the dry season. In this way the demands of the Mexicans for damages can be satisfied, the international boundary maintained law and order restored in that valley below El Paso, and the lands on the American as well as the Mexican side of the valley furnished with an ample supply of water for purposes of irrigation.-Buffalo Express.

PERSONAL PICK-UPS.

Queen Victoria now rules 367,000,000 cople, a greater number than has ever before acknowledged the sovereignity of either a king, queen or emperor. The favorite team of the emperor of

Germany is a pair of chestnuts, one of which was raised in Susquehanna, Pa. The other came from Binghampton,

John Quinn, a Louisville policeman, weight 245 pounds, was married the other day to Miss Mary E. Smith, who weighs more than 200 pounds. They are the heaviest bridal couple of the year in Louisville.

Three aching teeth so annoyed Isaac H. Ivins, of Camden, N. J., that he said: "I'll have them out, though their removal kills me." A dertist extracted hem, causing a shock which resulted in a fatal attack of heart failure.

Mr. Hansen, a Norwegian trader, has left Irkutsk for northern Siberia, where he will investigate the recent rumors about Dr. Nansen, and see if the stores left for him by Baron Toll on the New Siberia islands are still intact.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is still handsome, but visibly older in face and manner. Those who know him say that he now has no thought of the Span ish or any other throne, and that the subject of pretendership is distasteful to him.

GAY FR. NCE.

It is illegal in Montpelier, France, to wrap food in any but white paper, or caper made of straw.

Marseilles has just completed its drainage system, on the model of that of Paris, at a cost of 33,000,000 francs. The city of Paris has spent \$20,000 at the Salon this year in buying pictures, \$2,600 being the largest price paid.

A gang of 21 burglars has just been arrested in Paris, which in the last three years had committed more than 200 burglaries. They were admirably organized, never used violence and made a specialty of robbing churches and priests' houses. The chief of the band 's believed to be in the United States.

He Pound It Out. The Wife-John, didn't you feel like a fool when you proposed to me? The Husband-No; but I was one .-

-It is easy to learn something about everything, but difficult to learn everything about shything.-Emmons.

GUMBO. BY WILLIAM P. BROWN.

Squire Mugle was tall and cadaverous. The "boys" in Habersham often called him "Meechin' Mugle" because, though locally prominent, and well to do, he wore an aspect as of one always looking for forebearance and toleration rather than expecting honor and re-

One felt a sort of pity at sight of his hollow-chested, angular form, which was somewhat neutralized by doubt, however, when one noted certain hard lines of minor expression that seemed to denote the possession of more forbidding attributes.

His wife was dead, and he lived in a large, tumble-down house, two miles from the little Georgia town of Habersham. When the civil war came on he sold his negroes, retaining only Gumbo to assist in looking after his impoverished plantation. His neighbors flouted him as being a unionist, for preferring Yankee gold to good negroes. But slave property was growing uncertain; gold was sure, and secret hiding places plentiful.

Gumbo was short, wheezy and tim orous. Why the squire kept him, the least commercially valuable of his slaves, was wondered at; but the squire knew, reasoning shrewdly with him-

"If I lose Gumbo," he would say, "I lose nothing much but a fat bag of nuisance. The rest of my niggers were worth their price."

Nevertheless, when the squire rose one night and hid his gold anew under a great hearth-stone in the Litchen, he saw a sight that made him, for the moment, repent having retained Gumbo to torment and wait upon him. That sable worthy, barefooted and in snirt and drawers, was staring at his old master from the doorway, while each hair of his kinky head seemed to be slowly straightening.

A devilish transformation convulsed Squire Mugle's face. Dashing down his candle, he sprang forward and seized Gumbo by the throat, as he stood in the pale moonlight streaming down from

"Did you see it?" he hissed, fairly choking with passion.

Gumbo gasped, gurgled, managed to say: "Didn't see nuttin', Squire Mugle slowly loosened his grip,

tightened it again, then took his hand away, hesitatingly. Gumbo knew! Where else could be hide his money? This spot was handy -right under his fingers, so to speak He desired no distant swamp or hollow with tell-tale tree marks, as a place to be hunted for or forgotten, as the case might be. He loved his gold with a warm, personal affection. Next to the joy of handling it was the feeling that

it was near by, unseen, yet felt, as by a

sort of delicious sixth sense-dead to most people, yet psychologically alive to misers and lovers. But Gumbo gazed at his old master with something like moisture in his little eyes. He was wounded to the quick by the nature of the squire's evident suspicion, and he bore the latter's scrutinizing look anflinehingly, though with an aspect of reproach. The squire seized Gumbo by the chin, raised the black face

and glanced at it harder than ever. Then he released the negro and sighed "I will trust you," he said, at length. "But if you speak, or even think much about what you have seen and heard, you are a dead nigger.

One night a band of bushwhackers descended upon them, for the neighboring mountains were full of these pests then. They were a set of compound rascals, clad indiscriminately in blue and gray, and equally a curse to both confederate and union sympathizers. They served Mammon wherever the aid of rope, bullet or lash could invoke that deity from the curious hiding-places wherein warstricken families bestowed their valua-

The squire was routed out, but stood protestingly on his dignity. He had but a few head of poor cattle left, too poor even for army beef.

"Durn yer stock, old man!" said the leader. "We want yer money, so rush aroun' and git it up."

Gumbo stood quaking behind his master. Though not above pilfering the squire's tobacco, or rifling some henroost when fare was hard, he was faithful to that one great trust concerning what lay under the hearth-stone.

"It makes no difference. They are thieves-so hush up. My all is in your keeping, Gumbo. H-s-s-h!" One of the men, approaching from

marse?" he whispered.

"Is-dey unyunners er is dey rebs,

behind, laid a hand on Gumbo's shoul-"I'll bet this nigger knows where it is," he remarked. "We've hearn 'bout

you and yer one man, squire. Yer've got money hid away and we're jes' goin' ter hev it-ch, boys?" An echo of assent from the others followed, and the man continued:

"I also hearn what yer said to this nigger jes' now. So, out with the scads er we'll find a way ter make him talk." "Boys," exclaimed the leader, "it's cold work palaverin' out here! Tote ther squire inter the kitchen. I see thar's a fire in thar."

Once all were inside, some pine knots were thrown on the embers, then the leader unwound a coil of rope from his waist.

"Zeb," he commanded, "you and Tom go and cut some hick'ries." Two men left the room. Gumbo's teeth chattered with fear and cold, for he was again clad only in a shirt and

"I'll give yer two minutes ter tell. squire. After thet we takes other means thet yer won't be apt ter like so well." "Meechin' Mugle" had planted himself on the hearth-stone, over his idol. "Gent!emen," said he, "you are troubling your sleeves for nothing. Don't we look poor enough? There is meal in the corner, a little corn in the cellar and a

side or two of bacon. That is all-isn't it, Gumbo?" "Fo' Gord, yes, marse! We-uns makes coffee outen co'n, an' rubs oak ashes on de meat in placer salt-" "Shet up, will yer!" roared the leader.

"Two minutes are about up. Boys, grab thet cussed nigger." Gumbo was seized by practiced hands.

Before he really realized what was happening to him, he was swinging to a joist by the thumbs, with his toes barely touching the floor. His groans and entreaties were pitiful, yet he would tell nothing The squire raved helplessly. from his station on the hearth. Finally Gumbo's head fell to one side and his jaws hung loose.

"Lower him down," ordered the leader. "When he comes to we'll put the wood on him if he don't blab." A pail of cold water was thrown or the negro. He revived, drenched, shivering, and looked round at his master

Then the foolish, faithful creature moaned: "I hain't tole yit, marse!" "No-God bless you, boy-you haven't. I will have satisfaction for this outrage, men. I have been a magistrate,

and I-"Will yer shet up?" shouted the leader. "Now boys, throw thet nigger over a barrel and nachilly warp the hide offen him with these hick'ries." Soon the kitchen resounded with Gumbo's cries; yet still he would not

"Up with him!" shouted the captain now furious. "Put ther rope roun' his cussed neck. Take him out ter a tree." While this was being done, the

leader turned to the squire. "See here," he said, "if yer don't give up that money yer'll lose a nigger right here. We're in a hurry. Some of Wheeler's cavalry are about and we hain't over anxious ter tell 'em howdy to-night. So speak up lively now, er yer'll be short one more slave-sure as God made little apples."

"Fo' Gord, gen'l'men! don't hang a po' niggah fo' stickin' ter his po' ole marsea-"

Ah! Gumbo was in the air now. He was struggling, while merciless hands tugged at the rope. The squire leaped at the cord, cut it with his knife and stood over his prostrate slave, his eyes blazing like coals. "Hands off, you heartless dogs!" h

ried. "You shall not murder the boy. If you will have money, come with me. and may God curse the last one of you!" He loosed the rope, raised Gumbo up and led him toward the kitchen, while the astonished bushwhackers followed. talking among themselves. The squire still grasping his slave's arm, entered and strode to the hearth-stone, where he again faced the guerrillas.

down the public road. Two men entered and whispered hurriedly with the captain. The noise increased to a clatter-

"Git outen here, men!" shouted the

eader. "Wheeler's men are comin."

Then to the squire: "We'll be back ag'in, fust yer know. As fer thet blamed nigger-here's fer him!" A pistol shot bellowed through the room. Gumbo screamed, and the guerrillas rushed out pell-mell, mounted and were gone in a trice. Other troops surrounded the house. A mulatto

woman ran in and fell on Gumbo's neck as he sat disconsolate "I hearn 'em!" she cried. "We hearn 'em et mother's. I knowed de sojers wuz in town a-furragin', so I up an' run an' let 'em know. One on 'em took me up behin' him, an' year I is-bless Gord! What's de matter wid yer, Gum-

Gumbo rose to the emergency again, for his injuries, though painful, were not serious. "Why, howdy, Em'line," he re-

ponded. "Yer all come jes' in de nick b time-sho'." Gray-coated cavalrymen warmed in, and shots were fired about the place. Several bushwhackers were captured, and a guard was left, at the squire's request, lest the scoundrels were to suddenly return. Meanwhile Emeline made Gumbo some corn coffee, a soldier gave him a drink of sorghum rum, and he began to feel quite chipper again. His master watched him with

kindly eyes. "I didn't tell, marse," said Gumbo

presently. "No, you did not, but you have placed your old master under a deeper debt than mere money can repay, Gumbo. The New Year is pretty near here, and I am going to set you free you rascal. You might have run away to the Yankees, but instead you have stood your master's best friend through thick and thin. If that doesn't deserve free-

dom, I hardly know what does." "Den yer won't make me leab yer w'en I's free, marse?" Gumbo looked up anxiously, searcely thinking enough of the boon, apparently, to say "thank

"Not if you want to stay-and I hope ou do." "H-how bout Em'line? Me an' she wants ter marry pow'ful,don't we,Em'-

"G' way, niggah! I hain't talkin' now." And yet Emeline looked pleased. "W-e-e-II." The squire hesitated. It was easier to give Gumbo freedom han gold. The negroes would probably all be free before long, anyhow. "Times is mighty tight, but you can have the old mare, Gumbo, and-yes-hang me if I don't! Emeline can have \$50 for

house fixings." "Fed'rit money, marse?" asked Gum-

bo, anxiously, "No-gold!" shouted "Meechin' Mugle," desperately, though he gulped somewhat emotionally afterward. "It's extravagant - it's wasteful; but you've earned it, boy-that's all!"

scape thanks and to reconcile himself to his own liberality. Gumbo threw his arms round Emeline. "Fifty gole dollahs an' de ole blin' mar'!" he shouted, ecstatically. "Em'line-honey-we's rich!"-New Bo-

The squire hurried off to bed to

hemian ___ Too Good to Use in Spanking. Almost incredible sums are some times expended on slippers. Thus not long ago a countess had a pair made, ornamented with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, costing \$20,000. But at a masked ball given by the duke of Manchester some years ago a lady impersonating Cinderella wore a pair of slippers adorned with jewelry valued at over

Spectacles.

\$60,000.

Roger Eacon was the first to suggest the use of spectacles. When they came into use in Italy, about the year 1285, on the recommendation of Alessandro di Spina, a monk of Pisa, women were forbidden to wear them because it was thought that such facial ornamentations would make them vain.

THE FLOWERS OF THE TREE. Need to Stoop to No Tricks for the Scat-

tering of Pollen. It has come about that the lowly plants, unable to secure their ends by fair words, have had recourse to guile to tempt the insects by velvety textures of rich color widely spread, by exhaling sweet and powerful odors, by offering nectar, and finally by devising artful appliances, whereby an insect an be loaded with pollen without his knowledge what time he is imbibing the seductive nectar. Some have gone step lower, and because they could not afford to produce so brilliant a display as other plants, have set to work to press the vulgar earrion-loving flies nto their service by developing petals of a livid purple hue, and giving forth putrid odor. Faugh! Shall hearts

of oak and beech and ash stoop to such tricks? The forest tree, says Good Words, has bundred or a thousand years to live. nd exhibits no precocious auxiety to produce fruit. At 15, 20 or 30 years time enough to think of such things; nd when the time comes the delicate ssential organs are protected merely by a few simple green or yellow scales, or by none at all. The pollen is lavishy produced, for the wind is not so preise a vehicle of transmission as the useet, and but a very small percentage of the poilen grains will reach their lestination. This, however, is of little consequence, for an incipient seed needs ut one polien grain to fertilize it, and should a hundred fall upon it, 99 would be superfluous.

THE SEA THEIR BEAT.

Maritime Police Who Preserve Order in the North Sea-

In the middle of the North sea would perhaps be a curious place to find a policeman on laty; yet some hundreds are appointed to keep order there, and at other places where their services are likely to be required. Great Britain, Belgium, France, Germany and Holland. eacl: keep a certain number of cruisers upon the high seas for this purpose, whilst they are empowered to prosecute, or, if necessary, take into custody any vessel belonging to either of these counries. In addition each cruiser carries judge, in the shape of an officer in

a penalty -- providing the defendant connts to his trying the case before and whose decision can only be altered by the court of appeals. Allowing a ship to wander about the high seas without keeping proper control over her is far more common than might be expected. The man whose watch it is may be asleep, and it is

often a diffier!t matter to prove that a

charge, who can try the case and inflict.

large percentage of the collisions that occur are directly due to this cause. The Elbe disaster is only one example of the many awful results of cureicss watching. However, the eagle eye of the "sea bobby," by his bull's-eye lantern-which in the case of the maritime policeman is a powerful searchlight-is so keenly on the alert for cases of this sort, and such a heavy fine is mflieted on conviction, that charges of "wandering without proper control" are

every year becoming less frequent. WHEN SOVEREIGNS CONFER.

Great Ado Made on the Occasions of Royal Meetings in Europe. The innumerable banquets which are offered to the royal persons on every oceasion are exact emblems of the many valuable and pleasant days which are, at their instigation and by their command, wasted in senseless formula, says Ouida in the Forum. Once, when costume was beautiful, pageantry was so also, and ceremonial was so also; but now both are unsightly and grotesque. Two bearded men in hemlets, or caps, kiss each other on a railway footboard; old ladies in waterproof cloaks toddle through two lines of policemen; a fat gentleman, with a round hat, with a cigar in his mouth, walks over a piece of red carpet, nodding to a bending human hedge of supple spines; faces beam inanely, throngs outside the station door cheer, they know not why, troops are massed in readiness, for nowhere are these personages safe from attempts upon their lives; the whole thing is unlovely, absurd, anomalous, a caricature of what was once both intelligible and respectable, but in which there is no longer either prestige or symbolism. Without dignity in its object loyalty is a mere boneless bundle of

wornout robes, and dignity perishes at the scream of the railway whistle.

BOOKS AND WRITERS. William Black, the novel writer, is also a portrait painter, an enthusiastic ofanist and an all-round sportsman. Marie Corelli, the novelist, plays well on the mandolin. She is petite, the embodiment of gentleness and cultured to a fault.

dollar, as close an imitation as possible of the standard of French books, are to be tried on the British public. Rudyard Kipling was recently offered handsome price for his Vermont residence, but refused to sell. He intimated that he would occupy it permanently

Yellow-covered unbound novels at half

after next year. It is said that 200,000 copies of a seection from Matthew Arnold's poems, published by Mr. Stead in his "Pency Poets," have already been sold. As long ago as 1869 Mr. Arnold predicted

that his day would come. On the 24th of June a celebration was held at the house of the duchess of Sutherland to mark the first anniversary of the English Society of Lady Journalists. Mis Ruth Lawrence, of New York, who was visiting Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), and Mrs. Burton Harrison were guests upon the interesting occasion.

A Home Thrust.

The other day a young man from lon arrived in a northern city, and wishing to let his friends in the south know of his safe arrival, he went to a post office (not the chief one), and inquired if he could send a telegram direct from the office, and how long it would take. The young lady was inclined to be snubbish, and cut short his inquiries with: "I am not paid to answer silly questions." Her face blanched wonderfully, however, when she found herself compelled to wire the following message: "Arrived safe, Girls here ugty and bad-tempered."-Titbits.

